



GC
Kama  *Sensations*

Office Mates

A few months ago I went out to dinner with some coworkers. After dinner and some drinks, we were all feeling pretty good and relaxed.

That's when Karen came over and sat on my lap. We are a close-knit group at work, so this wasn't unusual. What *was* unusual was how she squirmed around on my lap trying to get comfortable. But it sure felt good when she ground her round ass against my growing erection.

When everyone else decided to call it a night, Karen and I went on to another bar for more drinks. At one point during our conversation, she said that in her college days, she'd done some wild things, including two three-ways. I wasn't too shocked. I always figured she was a horny little thing. When I teased her about being into kinky sex, she stuck her bare foot in my lap. Then she began to massage my rapidly growing shaft under the table. When we finished our drinks, it was still early. Karen asked me what was next. I left it up to her.

Karen got into her car and told me to follow her in mine.

I realized that she was leading me back to the office. We told security we were working late. As soon as we were in my office, I locked the door behind us. After that, all hell broke loose. We started making out and pulling off each other's clothes. She pushed me back into my chair and started to give me some incredible head. Karen was on her knees, pumping

my cock with her right hand, massaging my balls with her left, and working some oral magic around the head. Now and then she'd stop pumping and take me as deep into her throat as she could. Damn, she could really suck cock!

I pushed her back onto the desk and went down on her. God, she tasted so sweet. I licked her from top to bottom, sucked on her clit, stuck my tongue inside her as far as I could, and still couldn't get enough. I could have kept it up for hours, but Karen wanted me inside her and pulled me up into position. She was so wet, I slid right in to the hilt.

I started pumping away, and Karen lifted her hips to meet my thrusts. We kept up this hard fucking for a while. Then she got down on her hands and knees so I could enter her from behind. I was really giving it to her good when she screamed out that she was coming. I could feel Karen's contractions as she flooded my cock with her juices, but managed to hold back my own orgasm.

“When I teased her about being into kinky sex, she stuck her bare foot in my lap. Then she began to massage my rapidly growing shaft under the table.”

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I pulled out, rolled Karen over, and began licking from her slit all the way up to her little love- bud, and back again. Then, pulling her down on top of me, I told her to fuck my face. She grabbed my head as she straddled me and proceeded to hump away. She started moaning and squirming, and when she came a second time, she drenched my face with her gooey sweetness.

Karen wanted me to take her from behind again, so she got on her hands and knees. But this time I stood, pulled her up by the hips, and gave her some long, deep thrusts. This was the best yet. She let out a guttural moan and said she was coming. When I told Karen I couldn't hold back any longer, she pulled away and turned around to grab my cock.

She started sucking on it like a woman possessed until I exploded. What she didn't swallow, she let dribble down her chin—an intensely sexy sight.

Karen and I fucked for what seemed like hours. Our clothes were strewn all over my office, and if anyone had come in, we would have been in a lot of trouble. By the time we finished, it was early Saturday morning. We cleaned up the best we could and went home.

Although Karen feels a little weird about everything since we still work together, I know it's just a matter of time before our libidos get the best of us. When she's ready, I'll be ready. For now, I have those hot memories to keep me going —

Never Say Never

All day I had been feeling a little horny, but with my husband away on a weekend fishing trip, I was left to tend to my own needs. When I checked the time, I realized my friend Lauren would be arriving any minute to pick me up. We'd made plans to go to a bar, so playtime would have to wait until later.

The drinks only added fuel to the fire, and I knew I'd have to make it an early night. I told Lauren about my "problem" and what I planned to do about it when I got home. Lauren was always excited to try new things, so I wasn't entirely surprised when she asked if she could join me. Why not? We finished our drinks and went back to my place. Lauren selected one of the dildos from my dresser drawer, and I grabbed a vibrator. Then we stripped down to our bras and panties, and I put on a porno tape for us to watch.

Fifteen minutes into the video, our bras came off and we started watching each other squeeze our breasts and pinch our stiff nipples. Lauren has a great pair of tits, with incredibly large, dark-brown nipples. As I watched her kneading those big nipples through her fingers. I slipped my fingers inside my already-wet panties.

Lauren slid over next to me and told me to take off my panties. She said she wanted to see me touch myself. I slowly slid down my panties and watched the

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Genova
Genova

excitement in Lauren's eyes as I licked my fingers and rubbed them back and forth over my throbbing clit before sliding them inside my sopping-wet pussy. "God, Pam. Watching you finger yourself and hearing how wet you are is making me so hot!" Lauren said. Then she pulled off her own panties and plunged two fingers inside her pussy. Lauren moaned, spread her legs wide, and began thrusting her fingers hard and deep. "Oh, I'm coming!" Lauren cried out as I took in the amazing sight of her climax spilling onto her hand. Lauren told me to straddle her. When I did, she pulled my pussy tight to her mouth and began eating me out. The entire time I cried out how good it felt having her suck me off, and that I couldn't wait to come inside her mouth. When I finally went over the edge, I had one of the most intense orgasms of my life. After that we got into a sixty-nine and licked and sucked each other's cunt. The next 20 minutes were nothing short of incredible. My first time with another woman was truly amazing. Lauren stayed with me the rest of the night. As beautiful as the experience was, we agreed it was far too risky for us to repeat and promised each other that we would never do it again. We kept that promise for exactly one week!—

Feeling the Heat

I had just started a new job in fashion merchandising and needed to be brought up to speed on the company's procedures. My first meeting was with the accountant to review financials for the spring line, and the only time he had available was after regular working hours. As a new staff member, I did as I was told. Not that I minded—he was the hottest-looking number cruncher I had ever seen. He was tall, dark, and built for sex.

I arrived at his office at 6 p.m. with my files. He asked if I was ready to get down to business. I thought about that for a moment and felt myself getting wet. I imagined what it would be like to have him inside me, and my pussy began to throb. I tried to put a stop to these thoughts, but every time he moved close to show me a notation in a file or on a spreadsheet, I just got hotter and wetter.

We walked into the showroom to take a look at the new collection. Then he asked me to try on a blouse. There was no room for me to change and no one else was around, so turning my back to him. I took off my top and started to put on the blouse. And that's when things really started to heat up. He came up behind me and started licking my neck. How could he possibly know that this was one of my extra-sensitive spots? In any case, he was hot, my pussy was dripping, and I wanted him.



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I pulled off the blouse and the rest of my clothes. He wasted no time and began toying with my pussy. Then his fingers were inside me, pounding in and out of my hole in a steady rhythm. I lay flat on my back with my legs wide open, impatiently waiting for him to fuck me. He spread my legs even wider, and I felt his tongue darting in and out. I was moaning and trembling, completely out of control.

"Where do you want me—in your mouth or in your pussy?" he whispered.

"I want you every way I can have you." I cried as I wantonly thrust my pussy at him. I couldn't take any more of his teasing.

With that, he drilled his tongue into me again. It felt fantastic, but I wanted that cock. When I reached out to feel how hard and big it was, I found this enormous penis ready and waiting for me. I was moaning, screaming for his cock. I begged him to fuck me. He pulled me up and positioned me so I was on all fours, with my ass pointing up toward the ceiling. My juices were dripping down my thighs, and the few seconds it took before he entered me seemed like an eternity.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I kept saying. Finally he rammed his cock into me and began pounding my pussy. He was so big and he felt so good inside me that he had me climaxing every second. It turned out that being the

new girl at the company could be very rewarding.—

Home Alone

I was hanging out at home, trying to get some work done, when I decided it was time to take a break and cruise my favorite porn site. Since I was alone. I cranked up the volume. I love hearing the smack of skin against skin, the moans, the groans, and the pleas of "Fuck me now, fuck me harder."

In one clip, the girl was on her back with her legs spread high in the air, while a guy pounded first her pussy, then her ass. In another, the girl was bent over a sofa while the guy first licked her ass, then pounded his cock into it. By this time I was wet and ready for action. I stripped off my shorts and panties, slid to the edge of my chair, and spread my legs. I continued to watch the licking, sucking, and fucking while plunging my fingers into my juicy pussy. With my other hand I began rubbing my clit hard and fast.

As I read Martin's fantasy about "rubbing his rock-hard cock down the crack of my ass, then down my pussy and clit," and "thrusting inside my juicy and on-so-ready pussy." I felt close to the edge. By this time I was thrusting myself up and off the chair. As Martin "pumped his huge load into me after mercilessly fucking my ass," I came, moaning, groaning, and thrusting against my own hand. Oh, how I love working from home—



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Men's Health & Fitness

WHAT THE...?

The Science Behind Your Body's Weird Medical Snafus.

You've read up on the big guns: heart disease, cancer, and obesity. Hell, you could probably fake your way through med school by now. But there are a few unsolved mysteries we never really hear about, maybe because health experts are always so busy trying to keep us from dying. We, on the other hand, engage in less noble pursuits.

Brain Freeze

When a cold food hits the roof of your mouth, it sends an "I'm freezing" signal to your brain. The blood vessels in your head dilate to keep your brain toasty, which causes a brief mini-headache. Get rid of it by pressing your tongue against the roof of your mouth or drinking a warm beverage.

Drunken Hiccups

Hiccups are involuntary contractions of the diaphragm, a sheet of muscle that separates the chest cavity from the abdominal cavity. These spasms cause a sudden intake of air, which is stopped when your vocal cords close and produce the "hiccup" sound. A full stomach can cause hiccups by putting pressure on the diaphragm—and the same goes for drinking too much.

Eye Floaters

Those mysterious blobs swimming around your eyeball are actually part of the vitreous, the clear stuff that makes up 80 percent of your eyeball. As you get older, the

gelatinous vitreous "melts" into water. In the process, some feisty little chunks of gel remain—those are your floaters. Eventually the floater will dissolve, settle to the bottom of your eye, or your brain will ignore it. But see a doctor if your vision gets worse.

Swimming Cramps:

You know the rule: Wait a half-hour after eating, or you'll cramp up and sink like a brick. In reality, you probably won't drown (survival instinct usually wins out), but exercise on a full stomach can cause cramping. Digesting food requires a hefty effort, so extra blood gets diverted to your gut. If you work out within an hour or two of a big meal, your muscles suffer a shortage of blood and oxygen.

If that happens, they may produce and accumulate lactic acid, which causes cramps. So it's a good idea to wait an hour before doing anything strenuous.

Contagious Yawns

If one person in a group yawns, more than half the people in the group will follow suit, according to Robert Provine, a University of Maryland professor who's been studying yawns for more than 20 years. (Seriously.)

Stomach Growl:

It's not your stomach making the noise—it's your intestines. When you're hungry, your body preps for grub by moving whatever's in the intestines out of the way. The intestines normally contract and push food along, but on an empty stomach, pockets of air and water also get moved around. This causes gurgling sounds—usually at a completely inopportune moment, like during a business meeting or foreplay.



Kama Geminations

BORN TO RISK YOUR BUTT

What, exactly, makes someone *want* to jump out of a plane or attempt a backflip on his bike? Scientists believe a single gene might be the key to separating the daredevils from the weenies. It all starts in the amygdala, where the brain forms the strong emotional memories associated with fear, anger, or love.

Researchers have found that normal mice possess two copies of the gene *neuroD2*, which is related to the development of the amygdala. But mice with only a single copy had a decreased ability to form conditioned fear, which could make them far more likely to take risks. Further studies are needed to determine how this gene could affect human behavior.

Consider this:
One in five
PEOPLE YOU JUST
SHOOK HANDS
WITH DIDN'T WASH
AFTER THEY USED
THE BATH ROOM.

HAND JOB

Next time you're in a business meeting, consider this: One in five people you just shook hands with didn't wash after they used the bathroom. Only 83 percent of

people actually suds up post-wipe, even though 91 percent claim they do. (The women are the safer bet: 90 percent of females wash, compared to only 75 percent of men.)

Before you break out the old "I don't pee on my hands" argument, keep in mind that 80 percent of infections are transmitted through direct or indirect contact. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention says hand-washing is the most important thing you can do to avoid colds, flu and food poisoning. The CDC recommends washing for 20 seconds, or the time it takes to sing "Happy Birthday." (Sing it in your head, not out loud.)

SIZING UP YOUR DOCTOR

Finding a physician is a pain in the ass. If you get someone who knows his shit, there's the chance he'll retire or drop your insurance carrier. Then what? Experts have a few vital tips for finding a new doctor.

- Ask for referrals from friends or relatives.
- Do your research: Where did your doctor go to med school? What happens if you get sick on a weekend? Who covers for him if he's out of town?
- If you have a chronic condition like diabetes, find out how much experience he has in treating it.
- On your first visit, fill him in on your family medical history, your own health, and any meds you take.



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Couch Potato Alert

There's fat, and then there's visceral fat. The former makes you wish you'd gone for the next size up in your board shorts. The latter gets metabolized by your liver, turns into cholesterol, and takes up residence around your internal organs, causing all kinds of health problems. The good news is, it's not hard to lose visceral fat. A brisk, 30- minute walk six times a week can prevent the accumulation of visceral fat, and anything more than that will start undoing the damage. So the next time you catch yourself watching *Laguna Beach* reruns, go pound the pavement.

SHAMELESS PLUGS

Rushing the pit at a Slipknot concert wearing earplugs is just not cool. Going deaf, though, is also not cool.

Looks like you're going to have to pick the lesser of the two evils, dude.

A recent study found that concert acoustics can damage your hearing and eventually bring on hearing loss. And it doesn't matter if you're stuck in the nosebleed section, or if your tastes are more Keith Urban than Korn.

Pre-concert, participants had normal hearing thresholds— the softest

sound you can hear according to an audiogram test.

After the house lights went up, however. 64 percent of the folks who nixed earplugs had a significant change in threshold, compared to 27 percent of plugged-up participants. The

change occurred regardless of where in the venue they were sitting or who was performing.

Hearing damage can occur with prolonged exposure to noise levels of 85 decibels or more—and most concerts clock in at 125 decibels.

***A RECENT STUDY FOUND
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The Pants Girl

Girls in skirts are generally easy to figure out—they'll grab my hand and slide it under their panties. But this one was harder to figure out.... She was hot, yet I wanted her to keep her clothes on, those clothes that hugged every curve.

I usually go for girls in skirts, girls whose legs peek out from all manner of clingy fabrics—legs I can imagine sliding my hand up, up, up and meeting a hot, wet pussy that I can taste, twirl, and play with to my heart's delight. Girls in skirts invite this kind of speculation as they sashay down the street, with only a slight breeze standing between them and a peek at their lacy, pretty panties.

Girls in skirts are much more likely to be flirts. They try to get me going with a carefully placed twitch as they inch up their skirts just enough for me to catch a glimpse of thigh. Skirt girls bring out my most aggressive side. Even though I'm one myself, I feel a flush of heat pass through me when skirt girls, whether in thrift-store dresses, clingy minis, or prim to-the-knee office numbers, pass by me. Skirt girls make me wish I were a boy, wish I could grab them and shove them up against the wall to find out exactly what's happening underneath their hems. But this story isn't about a skirt girl. It's about another kind of tease entirely—a pants girl.

Shana was wearing pants that were clearly not from this era, with a slight resemblance to bell-bottoms that curved along her tender ass. Her ass wasn't big, but it was perfectly rounded; it wasn't flat, which is all the rage but does nothing for me. These pants made me want to *wear* pants, to be a pants girl. They made me realize that for all the allure of the skirt, pants could cling and tuck and bend in ways a skirt just couldn't do. In addition to her pants, Shana wore a seventies-style shirt, a burnt-orange color covered in white beads that clung to her breasts with tenacity. She looked like an extra from *Charlie's Angels*, a 1970s hot mama ready to take me for a ride. I couldn't take my eyes off her legs, her ass, covered in those gorgeous pants as she danced at the annual dyke rock festival, shaking her hips as her drink sloshed around in its red plastic cup.

We were in that kind of crowd where the butches and the femmes pick sides. But Shana was a free spirit, shaking her ass in the midst of a group of freaks who didn't care what the rest of the crowd was doing. She raised a hand in the air, trying to hold on to her cup, her ass jutting out. I'd been talking to some friends, but stopped abruptly when I noticed her, my eyes glued to the way her clothes clung to every feminine curve. Though she wasn't wearing a skirt or any makeup, she was clearly a femme: Her hair was flopping down around her in pigtails; her face was sun-kissed and healthy, with a perfectly earthy glow.

She looked over at me with a brief smile before she closed her eyes and threw her head back. I knew I'd have to be the pursuer if I wanted to start something, which I most definitely did.



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I pushed my way through the crowd, clumping along in my black combat boots. Normally, I stood to the side, watching the dancers, never admitting to my deep-seated self-consciousness. But this time, I threw myself into it, matching her beat for beat, showing her that even though I was in a dress straight out of the closet of a 1950s housewife. I was truly a modern girl.

I grabbed her a few times, gave her a twirl, copped the lightest of feels—the kind that would make her wonder whether it was her imagination, whether I meant it or was oblivious to her beauty.

She finished her drink and tossed her cup to the ground, closed her eyes and proceeded to ignore me. She danced up a storm to her own unique beat. I did the same, not caring what my friends thought, knowing that the only way to woo her was to match her individuality with my own. Finally, hours later, the music stopped. She looked up at me, glowing with sweat, energy, and sass. She leaned up and kissed me on the forehead. Then I led her onto the street, onto my bike, and into my bed.

When I had her alone, I realized I had my hands full. Girls in skirts are generally easy to figure out—they'll grab my hand and slide it under their panties. But this pants girl Shana was harder to figure out. She straddled me, grinding her nips down, pushing against me until I was totally wet. I grabbed her hips and tried settling her onto my lap. She was hot, yet somehow I wanted her to keep her clothes on, relishing the fabric that hugged every curve. She leaned close and kissed me—a

full, juicy kiss that made me topple backward.

We tumbled around on the bed, laughing, turning over and over, until finally I landed on top. I wedged my knee between her legs, pushing it up hard against her cunt. She instinctively hooked her legs over my shoulders.

Her huge breasts were straining under her shirt and I had to taste them. "Lift up your shirt," I said. A shiver raced through me when she quickly did as I commanded. Her breasts were barely covered by a wispy bra. Though they were big, they were clearly natural—full and round and perfect.

I planted my knees on her legs, keeping them pinned down as I pushed her luscious tits together and began attacking both nipples at once, peeling down the lacy edges of her bra with my teeth to take in the hard, pink nubs.

I licked them at first, my tongue darting out, tasting and teasing, before bringing my lips together to suck on them. I knew she'd be the kind of girl to go crazy if I so much as brushed against her nipples, and I was doing much more than that. I sucked passionately, kneading her nipples into dark red points before lashing them with my tongue.

"I realized I had my hands full.... She straddled me, grinding her hips down, pushing against me until I was totally wet."

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Yessss," she hissed as I twisted them hard between my fingers, so hard I knew she'd feel it for days afterward. She welcomed the pleasurable pain, even as it made her tender buds stiffen. I loved how she didn't flaunt her tits in public, didn't have them practically hanging out as an offering to any horny passerby. Instead, she kept them covered, the full, rich orbs practically obscured by her plain orange top, just waiting for the right lover to come along and unlock their secrets. The more I twisted, licked, sucked, and bit, the wilder she became. She squirmed all around, making a pretense of wanting me to stop, but clearly desiring me to continue.

Finally. I paused. I reached my hand between her legs, pulling her now-wet pants tight against her pulsating pussy. She was practically dripping, melting, so wet that I knew she couldn't stand it, which is exactly where I wanted her. I was wet, too; my panties were drenched from having my face buried between those juicy tits, which were now glowing a gorgeous red.

"Turn over." I barked at her, not certain whether she'd comply.

She did, too caught up in her erotic trance to care what I'd do next, as long as I touched her somewhere, anywhere, along her blazingly hot skin.

I reached underneath her and unbuttoned her pants. She lay passively and let me do it. I went slowly, playing

with her pussy pinching her ass all the while. I felt her shuddering beneath me. When I finally eased those beguiling pants all the way down, I found only the flimsiest of panties, soaked through with her juices. I peeled those all the way off, too, and spread her legs, admiring the view of her pink pussy lips as she waited patiently for my next move. Holding the lips open with my fingers, I played with her wetness, stroking her, priming her. I slid a single finger inside her and it practically melted with the heat as she silently begged for more, her cunt tightening around me. I slid the finger out, trailing wetness along her inner thigh. Then I leaned down and licked along her slit, plunging my tongue inside her. She was sweet and salty, ripe in the best possible way. She eagerly pushed herself against my mouth, slick and delicious. I squeezed her ass cheeks, and gave them the occasional slap as I tasted her wildness.

Then I turned her over, needing to see her in every possible position. Her eyes were closed, her hands splayed out at her sides, her body totally serene as her pussy beckoned to me. Her hips arched involuntarily, and I pushed three fingers inside her, pressing and twisting as her cunt again tightened around me.

I didn't know her, not as well as I would come to, but for now, this was all I needed to know: She wanted me, was ready, willing, and needy. If I'd thought those



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pants did her body justice, they were nothing compared to what her naked body did to me, leaving me breathless.

She reached for me, her fingers grasping for contact as she grabbed my arm. I lay down beside her, nibbling her lips, whispering sweet nothings into her ear as I pressed another finger inside her.

"More, please." she said quietly, again sounding like a child but with an adult's manners and grace. Her voice broke as I quickly gave her exactly what she'd asked for. I pressed my thumb against her clit, pushing it deeply against her pubic bone, swirling it into ecstasy, before sliding that last digit inside. She took my whole hand like it was nothing, but we both knew it was much more than that. She clutched me tightly, her teeth clenched, eyes closed tight as she spasmed around me. I barely had to move. My knuckles grazed her most tender walls, brushing against her body's deepest secrets, making tears of joy form in her eyes. She let go of me and jerked backward, coming in a torrent of curses and contractions that left both of us speechless.

I held her afterward, cradling her in my arms as she curled up against me, gripping my thin cotton dress for dear life. I looked down at her, her shirt still pulled above her jutting breasts, her bottom half pale and bare. After seeing her so stark and vulnerable, so graceful even as she let everything go, I knew I'd never look at her in

quite the same way again. But no matter what, she'd always be my favorite pants girl.----





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Dr. X

Is Bigger Better?

I've dated two women with large clits—more than an inch long— and I assumed that would be the feminine equivalent of the nine- incher. But these ladies definitely did not like to be complimented on their size. If men want us to pay attention to their clits, why do they get so offended when we talk about them? —

In case you haven't noticed, unless you're referring to her breasts, she generally doesn't believe bigger is better. I've never been embarrassed by my naturally big clitoris, but for women who are shy and concerned about the look of their genitalia, having a prominent clit only exacerbates their anxieties. The next time you come across a chick with a large clit, the best compliment you can give is a good tonguing.

Know Your Enemas

I've always had a thing for enemas, and I've discovered that many women really dig them, too. My partners and I have experimented with different positions, and I've made the experience more pleasurable by inserting my fingers into their vaginas and rubbing their clitorises until they had an orgasm. It seemed to drive them wild. How do you feel about enemas, Dr. X?—

I personally do not use enemas as foreplay, but I can see why many women (and men) would find them arousing. Enemas stimulate the anal orifice, which many find exciting. The sensation is amplified by the feelings of physical surrender and excitement surrounding sexual taboos. But be careful not to use them on your partner too often, since overuse of enemas can disturb the natural muscle actions of the bowel and lead to health problems. It's just like booze and junk food: No matter how good it feels, moderation is best.

The Final Frontier

During sex can the head of the penis get past the cervical cap into the uterus itself? I have heard that if you can enter this area, the cap closes like a vise and you experience a hell of an orgasm! I'd like to be a part of this last sexual frontier. How do I do it?—

You don't. Hell, just thinking about a penis in my uterus is painful! (It could be painful for you, too. The last time I had an IUD inserted, I wanted to kick my OB/GYN in the balls!) The cervical orifice is plugged with mucus, which protects the uterus from dirt and foreign objects—like, say your penis. It's too small to allow even a finger to enter. Sperm can swim through the mucus, and they're tiny enough to get through the cervix. The *only* time the cervix opens is during childbirth, when getting laid is just about the last thing on her mind. Give up this crazy idea and look for another sexual frontier to cross.



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Hard to Get

I am tired of constantly chasing women. Why do they play hard to get?—

They think that's what men want. We subconsciously think of men as hunters and women as prey, and research shows that men prefer some resistance. Women who give in too easily are perceived as being loose. We also want to make sure we really like you before we sleep with you, since casual sex has greater consequences for us—like a higher STD risk, violence, or unwanted pregnancy. Besides, playing hard to get is linked to good ol' resource extraction: We get you to pay for dinner and buy us gifts before we put out. Don't get pissed at us—it's evolutionary.

Even female spiders require a "copulatory gift" of a fly before getting it on with a male paramour.

Girl to Girl

I'm a woman who's played it straight my whole life. But lately I'm aroused by other women. I find myself getting turned on by soft porn. (You're my favorite!) My husband's cool about it, and actually indulges my fantasy by finding pictures of women he thinks I'll like. This has spiced up our sex life,

but I'm confused. Is this nothing more than me opening myself up sexually without boundaries? Or am I bisexual and don I know it?—

More than 80 percent of women say they become aroused by the thought of making love to another woman. And research has shown that many women who deny bi-curious attraction exhibit signs of arousal when shown lesbian erotica. It does not necessarily make them gay or bisexual; those are just labels. Sexuality is not a dichotomy—it's a continuum from gay to straight, and from straitlaced to kinky. I've been enjoying my bisexuality for years—there's nothing wrong with being attracted to men and women.

Hey, it doubles your chances for a hot date on a Saturday night!

So enjoy your newfound erotic stimuli, and feel free to check out my naked photos anytime!



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